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A Pocketful of Thanks

By SCOTT HOLTZMAN

THANKS . . .

. . . for your many wonderful letters about this column.

. . . to James Bond for being such a good opponent and for speaking his mind about anything that displeases him in a world full of people who are afraid to speak up.

. . . to Mick Jagger for defying everybody with one glance and for writing "Mother's Little Helper" with Keith Richard.

. . . to the Monkees and their "string-pullers" for making good records and creating a pleasant half hour of escapism on TV each week.

. . . to Robbie Porter for being so discoverable and for being so nice when he called, saying he'll be here in January.

. . . to Kay Oslin, now with the "Hello Dolly" company, for being Frankie to my Johnny on "Sweet Thang".

. . . to Buddy Covington of KNUZ for just being Buddy Covington. (You can't hardly get them kind no more!)

. . . to The Beach Boys for making "Pet Sounds" and Good Vibrations," in making me a BB5 fan forever. (Thought I'd never get over "Barbara Ann".)

. . . to Bob Cope (Catacombs) and Bill Eisenhour (Living Eye) for fighting the bad image of one club, making two teen clubs where parents don't have to worry. Thanks also to the police officers who work in these clubs for making the young people like them while they are being disciplined.

. . . to Simon & Garfunkel for managing to stay on top and still write and record such tasteful songs.

. . . John Lennon for awakening the fire of anger in the Christians of the world who had forgotten what it is like to defend a belief.

. . . to The Mamas & Papas for creating a new sound and not copying as so many in his business do.

. . . to the longhair mods for having the guts to buck all of the teasing, laughter and anger that greets them everywhere they go and for being young men with normal sex drives. (I'm going by the ones I know personally).

. . . to The Chronicle, for sending Jeff Millar to review the rock shows, when he



ON TOP WITH TASTEFUL SONGS
Song Makers Simon (Right) and Garfunkel

doesn't like the music.

. . . to Mike Scott for going to Dallas and becoming the number one DJ in town.

. . . to Lennon & McCartney for writing "Eleanor Rigby".

. . . to Bob Lind for writing "Elusive Butterfly".

. . . to Donovan for making me a big fan (in spite of the fact that I don't like his personal beliefs and never want to meet him).

. . . to Pet Clark for being so charming in my interview with her, and for consistently turning out good records.

. . . to Tony Bennett for having the guts to record "Georgia Rose" and making

it a hit in spite of very little airplay.

. . . to John Sebastian for wanting Houston to recognize its own Lightnin' Hopkins as the great artist he is before he does.

. . . to Janis Ian (whoever she is) for writing and singing one of the most beautiful records of the year, "Society's Child," which you've never heard in the South because of its racial theme.

. . . to Houston's recording studios, engineers, producers, songwriters and artists for building a local industry that will soon be big business.

. . . to all of the DJ's who really care about young people.

. . . to Larry Kane, his director and crew, for caring enough to make an extra effort towards presenting artists and young people with respect.

. . . to The Houston Post for recognizing Top-40 music by allowing me to write this column. When Tom Bell, my editor, hired me, neither of us really realized that this is one of the only columns of its kind in a major newspaper in the world. Hope you've enjoyed it this past year and that you'll let the Post know it. Happy New Year.